And one who's fairer drinking from the cup
Of gall by being misnamed 'Violet.'
Thate to see a big Newfoundland pup.

Or horse, or cow, called by the name of I hate to see a woman full six feet Bearing the little name of 'Margarite.' " He has a feeling that the villain of his tale would not have been so black had he not been a physician:

"He was a doctor, And his profession one that often saps oundations of the sympathies; like war Dissecting rooms oft turn men's hearts to

And they come from the course well named A pity 'tis that the art of healing Must needs be learned by chopping up the

Upon lawyers, also, he looks with some

"For when a legal Contention's on between men always flush With points of law, it becomes so regal That common folks had better to the brush Betake themselves; like the sea gull, Lawyers oft soar where they're above the

Of ordinary minds, into a waste Where diamonds sparkle, though they be but paste."

He does not approve of any sort of dress for women which does not hide the feet. sight of the feminine foot are not made clear. In the following lines he appears to have got his memories of Midway Plaisance scenes confused with those of the fair proper. If not, what does he mean

"Think of our ladies gathering at the fair Of all the world in eighteen ninety-three, The great Columbian exposition, where The mighty wonders of the land and sea Were spread before the gaze; and then and

In such an august presence with a free And too easy manner, display to man The disgusting features of the can-can?" He is inclined to sneer at those who would seek popular approval. He says: "To gain applause, get in the social float With the narrow minds that lead the

Be sure to go by rail, too slow's the boat, For one must hurry to make a mash on That kind of stuff." Against certain corporations he has a peculiar animosity that suggests personal experience of a painful sort. When Almetta decided to take legal measures against her false lover she wrote him a letter announcing her intention and making a last appeal, and sent it to him by a special messenger. The boy at last returned:

"Almetta paid the bill, 'twas forty cents, For he'd been gone two hours; 'twas right She should, he said, though he'd sat on a Most of the time to watch a childish fight Between two boys; he cared not for ex-

If Almetta paid it (for he was bright And early learned the comp'ny would The boy who served with quick and

honest move.)' Here the author goes on meditatively: "One of the things I cannot understand Is why a messenger is said to run, And always advertised to be at hand When he is seldom in if you want one; Nor why, when got, his feet should to the

Tenacious cling, as if he weighed a ton; Unless it be that all the laggards go Into a service which rewards the slow.' Still, he concludes, meditatively: "Messengers at twenty cents an hour, When love is chilled by winter cold and

Are not too dear. * * * Almetta paid the bill, 'twas forty cents."

The telephone comes in for a rap: "And when 'not talking now' you trem-To the receiver, but no word receive, Hoping for an answer, bang-bang, bang-

Goes the transmitter in your ear; you As through your reckless brain the awful Resounds, but from which there is no re-

'Why is it that you treat And she responds, 'H-e-l-l-o, hel-lo, If there's a woman in this happy land Who's monarch of what man surveys and

It is the girl who always holds a hand Of trumps in the Exchange. One may be And out of patience, but his earthly sand Will many, many times run out before She answers 'less she wants to; she's of

Who have mankind both by the ear and Space will not permit further quotations. Much is left for the pleasure of the later explorer, drawn by the excerpts given. Some defects may be found. Exception may be taken, for instance, to the attempted rhyming of "worth" and "hearth," or "years" and "blurs," while the making of "dismembered' into "dismemb'd" in order to rhyme it with "condemned" is open to criticism. But these are trifles. The book is full of noble thoughts and moral reflections that do credit to the heart of the writer, and the verses will doubtless meet the wants and requirements of a large class

PARIS OF THE EAST.

of readers.

(Concluded from Ninth Page.) cash to outsiders till 11 or 12 o'clock, when they will come around and get it and deliver it. We can't prevent this here. Then different shops subscribe for the Shun Pao and their customers come in regularly every morning and read it. Families pass it from one to the other, subscribing together for it, and there are men who make a busbuying up old and clean newspapers of the subscribers to carry them out in the country districts to sell. So you see every newspaper reaches at least a half dozen persons or families before it is burned."

All of the unsold copies of the Shun Pao are burned by the office. The Chinese reverence literature so that they think it common way anything written or printed in Chinese, and along the streets of the Chinese cities, fastened to the walls of houses, you find little boxes filled with written scraps, which the passersby pick up whenever they chance to fall upon the street, to prevent the characters' from being defiled. In Chinese houses, instead of pictures, you find often long scrolls containing a sentence of classic Chinese beautifully written, and the literati often write

to each other in poetry. I saw such scrolls in the little room of the dramatic critic of the Shun Pao, as I walked through the offices with the manager and was introduced to the editors. The city editor was a fat Chinese gentleman in tortoise shell spectacles, the glasses of which were as big as a trade dollar, who wore a blue silk gown and a black can with a red button on it. He was surrounded by his long-gowned reporters, to whom he was giving the assignments of the day. and he told me that he would be on duty till 3 o'clock in the morning, when the paper would go to press. I next visited the composing rooms and took a look at the printers. There were, perhaps, a dozen at work, and I was told that their wages were from a dollar and a half to three dollars a week in silver, equal to 75 cents and \$1.50 in our currency. The editors get from thirty to forty dollars a month. and reporters from eight to ten dollars a month in silver, according to their efficiency. The printers do night and day work for seven days in the week and 365 flays in the year at these wages, and it takes no slight learning to be a Chinese printer. There are in the Chinese language 18,000 different characters, and each of the saw in this composing room, the editor told me, contained about 10,000 different characters. Think of that, ye printers of America, and thank God you were born in a land where the alphabet contains only twenty-six letters, and where there is not a different sign for every word in the cases are ten times as big as ours, and each printer stands surrounded by three walls of type running from his feet to the top of his head and sloping out from him

on all sides After a look at the business office of the newspaper I was shown the only illustrated paper in China. which is also issued rom this establishment. It is published

every ten days. It is about as big as an old-fashioned almanac, and it always appears in red or green covers. It publishes many descriptions of life in America, and its pictures of foreigners and their ways are laughable in the extreme. There is no perspective shown in the drawings, and the Chinese stories are full of blood and thunder, of sentiment and humor. Here the Chinese Romeo woos his almond-eyed Juliet, and there the tragedies of love, abduction, of crime and superstition are depicted by the Gillams and Remingtons of this celestial land. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

SOME MARKET TYPES

Familiar Faces and Forms About the Vegetable Stands.

Horseradish Man Unconsciously Helps His Neighbors-Sauer Kraut and Flowers Side by Side.

The Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday markets under Tomlisson Hall are good places to study character. It is the early purchaser who has the cream of the market. People sometimes scorn to buy vegetables at the grocery because they are not so fresh as the vegetables found in market. These same people do not seem to know that it is the early grocer who secures the first choice of garden produce at the market. The grocer and the hotel steward take the lettuce, radishes, on ons, greens and other "garden sass" while the dew is still on it. There is a great difference between the market at 4 a, m, and at 9 a. m. Sometimes before the former hour. so early, in fact, that the reported who went from the office to the market after the morning paper was out, wondered if the market sellers had been to bed, these same sellers come into town on their loads of produce. A large proportion of them are

Nine out of ten of the women are an excellent advertisement for their wares, for they are large, wholesome women, whose figures scorn corsets and whose round rosy cheeks speak well for the fare which they have at home. The wagon comes slowly into town and the slow jog-jog, jog-jog of the horse beats a rhythmic monotone on the asphalt pavement. Perched high on the seat, with feet resting on the thills or a brief bit of board, sits the genius who will preside over the stuff, sort it into inviting portions and dispose the stock with such promptness that the wagon is ready to return home before the up-town buyers make

The west side of the markethouse, outside, is taken by the flower sellers. There is the old woman who has carefully tended her plants and flowers and has some tied up in bunches, which she sells for a quarter and which some lovers of flowers, with little money for the productions of the conservatory, prize more than they would an orchid. There is the old man with a bunch of beard way under his chin, who sells flowers, and when business is not brisk improves his mind reading a paper, spelling out the words. One of the exceptions to the fat market woman is a thin little body, who does no risky business selling bulbs, dried herbs, sassafras and other articles not too perishable. The paper flower woman shows how like to nature her wares are, and has a wooden frame for her flowers. Morning glories, roses, daisies and buttercups, in season and out of season, blossom over her frame and trail over the edge of her basket. The cement walk nourishes the most luxuriant blossoms and women in meditative pose stand along the borders, wondering which one they had better buy. It is a true tale that gardeners sell cheaper on maket than they do at their greenhouses, and at this season when every woman's heart, and many a man's turns to the garden, there is not a basket that goes home that loes not contain pots of pansles, mignonette, violets, verbenas, nasturtiums, geraniums, fuchsias and other varieties of flowers.

The match boy likes the west side of the market, and the man with a cartload of bananas and oranges thrives amid the lowers. One of the busiest men is the one who grinds horseradish. The appetizing odors of the root extend far and wide, and he should be paid a commission by those nearest for creating an appetite among the buyers, and thus making them spend more than they originally intended to. A woman with bedraggled skirts is at the stand where water cresses are sold. How good are water cress sandwiches, with a hint of mustard and plenty of salt. The fresh green and white of the new onions makes one's mouth water. The deep red shading to the delicate pink tips of the rhubart makes one hungry for ple or sauce. Rather early and very dear is the basket of strawberries, and the man gives the price for the temptation with a deprecating voice. He wants to sell them, but only the 10 o'clock istomer has the wherewithal to buy. Does any one, or rather does not every one know the woman who brings real fresh country butter to market for her especial

customers? Then there is the jelly woman, the one who makes all her own jelly and has it by the gallon to bring to market uary to Dec. 31, and from October till April has the "choicest" of mince meat. Not far from the sweets of the flowers stand the row of sauer kraut barrels. The flowers may not be sold, but the barrels are empty early in the day. What visions of omelet, escalloped, shirred, fried, boiled and "172" ways to cook an egg float through the mind at the sight of the hen fruit. Selling this fruit by the pound has not yet come into general favor, but getting rid of dozens and dozens is a success. They are placed in boxes, barrels, pails and boxes till i seems as if there were enough eggs to keep the community if every Sunday was Easter. There is much rivalry among the market dealers. Such close competitors are not always desirable. It behooves the successful merchant to be more than agreeable and obliging. One way is to allow all the women who come to market late to buy something at as many stands as they please and have it all sent to the stand of the obliging one, who will send the whole of it home for them. It used to be the thing for the women to go to market with the cook, buy the produce and have the cook carry it home, or to go in the carriage and take it home. The idea of having marketing sent home is one of the features of the last decade, and it was commenced by the obliging dealer. Of course

when he commenced it others were compelled to do likewise. The grocers and hotel men come first the working people have the second choice, then come the women who do their own work, who slip down early to market and are home again while the breakfast is cook-The careful housewife, who thinks she goes early, comes along about 7 o'clock and after her till the market closes are the women who ride in their carriages or keep their servants. The market is a great gossip exchange and lots of people become fast market friends who never meet any other place. It is a great baby show. Among the hundreds of women who do their own marketing and have families there are numerous little ones. The babies cannot be left at home alone, so they are packed into the baby carriages and taken along. The drivers of these vehicles have a difficult road most of the time. You cannot go to market and not see these bits of humanity, and when they come the road has to be cleared as if for a royal princess. As coming to market is an interesting proceeding, so is going home. When the hour for closing arrives the belated buyer has to be quick about it or he will be left vegetableless. The market men and women who have put in the greater part of twelve hours are thoroughly tired. What few articles remain unsold are packed into the wagons and are taken home unless the owners have the good fortune to be able to dispose of them somewhere on the way. If the produce is perishable this will be done if possible. The buyer, with basket laden with a variety of things arranged carefully and compactly without regard for color or artistic harmony hanging on one arm and a live chicken held by the legs as its counterbalance, wearily drags home through the sun. With all the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals there have been no attempts made to have peo-ple carry poultry head up instead of hang-

A Regret. Philadelphia Record

Wife (tartly)—I suppose you forget that before we were married you used to say you loved me so you could eat me.

Husband—No! I remember, and I'm sorry now I didn't eat you.

But Things Have

Changed Since Then

Ten years ago Credit buying was regarded as "Last resort." Furniture and Carpets which were purchased this way were of necessity selected from meager stocks, and the price paid was an argument in favor of cash buying, even at the inconvenience of delay. Moreover, the signing of notes and other features, which were distasteful to the purchaser, were deemed necessary by the merchant as a means of protection.

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New York Commercial Advertiser. A muti-millionaire and an author. In all times and in all places the former, that nineteenth century anomaly, is an interesting individual. Everyone finds a certain amount of pleasure in looking at a multimillionaire a second time. It may be a negative pleasure, or it may be the same kind that the habitual attendant of wakes finds in weeping over a departed friend, but it is pleasure, and not the mere gratification of curiosity. Mere millionaires are objects of curiosity; multi-millionaires command that attention that is naturally given one who seems on the verge of (pecuniary) apotheosis. And the man who has written a book-the increase of the class has made the individual members of it less respected, but still he is indeed "lost to manly thought, lost to the noble sallies of the soul," who does not see more than that mere man in the author. But think of a man who is both a multi-millionaire and an author. To paraphrase Shakspeare, "hon-

ors on honor's head accumulate." The debut of William Waldorf Astor into literature was a nine days' wonder. His novels were kindly criticised, were widely circulated and read, not so much on account of their intrinsic value, but for about the same reason that one values old coins

But now comes a book, a beautiful example of typographical art and the bookthe words "In a Journey in Other Worlds

"What another Astor writing books!" and the lip of the cynic curls and the professional litterateur smiles his own little smile of condescensions. But an acquaint-ance with the present debutant shows that he is not a man who writes merely because time hangs heavy on his hands. John Jacob Astor the Fourth is a man about whom little, comparatively, has been written. The wars of the Astors, like the Wars of the Roses, were for prestige, and interested him little. Whether he sided with the House of Lancaster or the House of York is unknown. He is a man of a philosophic turn of mind. He finds more enjoyment in a quiet conversation than in a game of cards, and there he differs from his fellow-multi-millionaire, "Willie" Vanderbilt. Before his marriage, three years ago, John Jacob Astor was something of a lady's man, and the newspapers "engaged" him and "disengaged" him several times a month regularly. There was a feeling of disappointment among New York matrons when a belle from the slow City of Brotherly Love captured all that was left of the Astor millions and males. The Astor-Willing wedding was one of the few occasions when public talk centered itself around "Jack" Astor. Then everyone began to know that he was an athlete, was amiable, was studious. One writer told how he stretched out his six-foot-three of bones and muscles as he told a story; another wrote of his peculiar dreamy eyes, and still another described his clothes 'fashionable, but not loud.' Then it was discovered that he was something of a practical joker, and numerous were the tales told of his "quips and pranks and wanton wiles." Everything sald was pleasant, as it should be, but no one dreamed that "Jack" would ever be

guilty of writing a book, a real book, and

That Mr. Astor has "hastened slowly"

may be seen from the fact that he has not

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a scientific book at that.

written anything since he left college. The intervening time has been spent in studying. Think of an Astor at the work bench, and yet there is where he has spent many an hour. That he aspired to be an inventor was not concealed. When the craze for rainmaking was at its height "Jack" took a hand at it. He went so far as to apply for a patent for his "rain making invenbut was refused because "the forces nature" did too 'much of the work, thing daunted, young Astor started that three-million-a-year brain of his at work again, and the outcome was a new brake for the safety blcycle. It is said that no patent was applied for. Soon the study of mechanics was given up, not because the worker was tired, but because there were other studies to be mastered. The interest he took in the study of electricity pleased his friends much more than his arder for mechanics. He bought a magnificent electric yacht, and his friends de veloped an enormous interest in electricity, especially when applied to handsomely-furnished yachts on which there is a fine che and a hospitable captain. But no one could say that "Jack" Astor was a fool. He was not extravagant if his hobbies, as they were then regarded, were expensive. A story is told of his bidding \$110 for a box benefit performance in the Metropolitan Opera House immediately after Jean de Reszke had paid \$500 for one. Like his great-grandfather, there is nothing ostenatious about Jack. The founder of the American house of Astor was a shrewd business man, but no one ever accused him of being unjust. His enemies, and

The book that was sent out yesterday D. Appleton & Co. was turned over to the publishing house in manuscript some time last winter. It was the desire of Mr. Astor, as it was the wish of the firm, that the public remain in Ignorance until the book was ready to be sold. How well the secret was kept is shown by the fact that up to the beginning of this week no outsider knew anything about it. In the preface to his work Mr. Astor makes some maker's skill, the title page of which bears | very sensible statements. The man who his time at the bench shows it was not love of play that animated him when "The protracted struggle between science and the classics appears to be drawing to a close, with victory about to perch on the banner of science, as a peof almost any university or catalogue shows. While knowledge of both Latin and Greek is important for the correct use of our own language, the amount till recently required, in my judgment, has been absurdly out of proportion to the intrinsic value of these branches, or perhaps more correctly, roots, of study. * * * How much more interesting it would be if instead of reiterating our past achievements the magazines and literature of the period should devote their consideration to what we do not know. It is only through investigation and research that inventions come; we may not find what we are in search of, but may discover something of perhaps greater moment. It is probable that the principal glories of the future will be found in as yet but little trodden paths, and, as Professor Cortlandt justly says at the close of his history. 'Next to religion, we have most to hope from science."

they were numerous, had to acknowledge

that he never took advantage of the ignor-

There is a plot to the novel that may appear extravagant, but it is only an excuse for introducing what the author considers scientific possibilities. That the author differs from his English-by-adoption cousin William Waldorf, and that he retains his American affiliations is shown by his choosing New York as the scene of action on this earth, and by the description he gives of the beauties of New York in the year 2000 A. D. To appreciate the story one must read it, read it as though it were written by a Smith instead of an Astor. Then it will be enjoyed. Mr. Astor has studied and read much, but the book is to be traced more to the fact that he has undoubtedly borne in mind the words of Milton: "Who reads incessantly and to his readings brings not a spirit and a judgment equal or superior remains deep versed in books but unsettled and shallow in Thos

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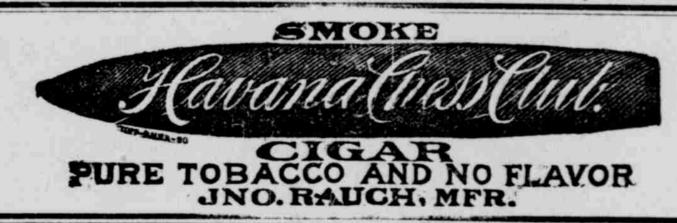
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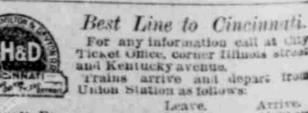
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